

From the Monologue Show (From Hell)

By Don Zolidis

JESSI

Thank you.

(she starts over)

I just want to weigh in here on the whole Caleb-London thing.

All right, y'all. I had a front row seat to this nonsense.

First of all, maybe you don't like yoga pants because you don't look good in `em. That's all I'm saying. Nobody wants to see you in yoga pants. They're called squats. Just sayin'. So if your man needs to look somewhere else to have something nice to look at, then, honey, you need to get to the gym. Truth. It's just truth.

I don't need to go to the gym because I am naturally like this, but some people don't have the right DNA or whatever, and they got more work to do. I ain't naming names, but if your name is London, this is about you. Can I just – your parents called you London. It's a big, dirty city. Just sayin'. Food for thought.

Second of all, nobody wants to hear about your problems, all right? Like, if that's all you're talking about, you gotta switch the topic of conversation. Hey, how was your day? Well I got a new pimple in the middle of my back and it's driving me crazy. NOBODY WANTS TO HEAR THAT. What's your man gonna say? Oh that's nice to know, I'm so glad you shared your back pimple problems. I feel so close to you now. HE AIN'T GONNA SAY THAT. He's gonna say, let me look at the fine lady over there in the yoga pants.

Allow me to help you. Here are some fascinating things you can talk about: Television shows, featuring the work of Shonda Rimes*. Global disasters. Funny things animals do. That's what you talk about.

*(*feel free to change this reference as needed)*

If you still got problems, there's therapy and psychoanalysis and probably doctors that can help you. If not, move to Canada where they got socialized medicine.

And last, Caleb is fine. I don't care if he's checking himself out. He's just doing what I do.

And scene or whatever.

(JESSI goes back to her spot)

